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THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

"GO FORTH, MY SON, AND IF YOU DON'T BEAT THAT POLYANDROS BOY IN THE GAMES, REMEMBER,  
I SHALL AWAIT THY RETURN WITH LOOSENED SANDAL."

• LIFE •

# The Evening Post

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the perfection of whiskey that has held the lead for many decades. We have received every barrel of Old Crow Whiskey made at the Old Crow Distillery since January 1872. No other house can beat it.

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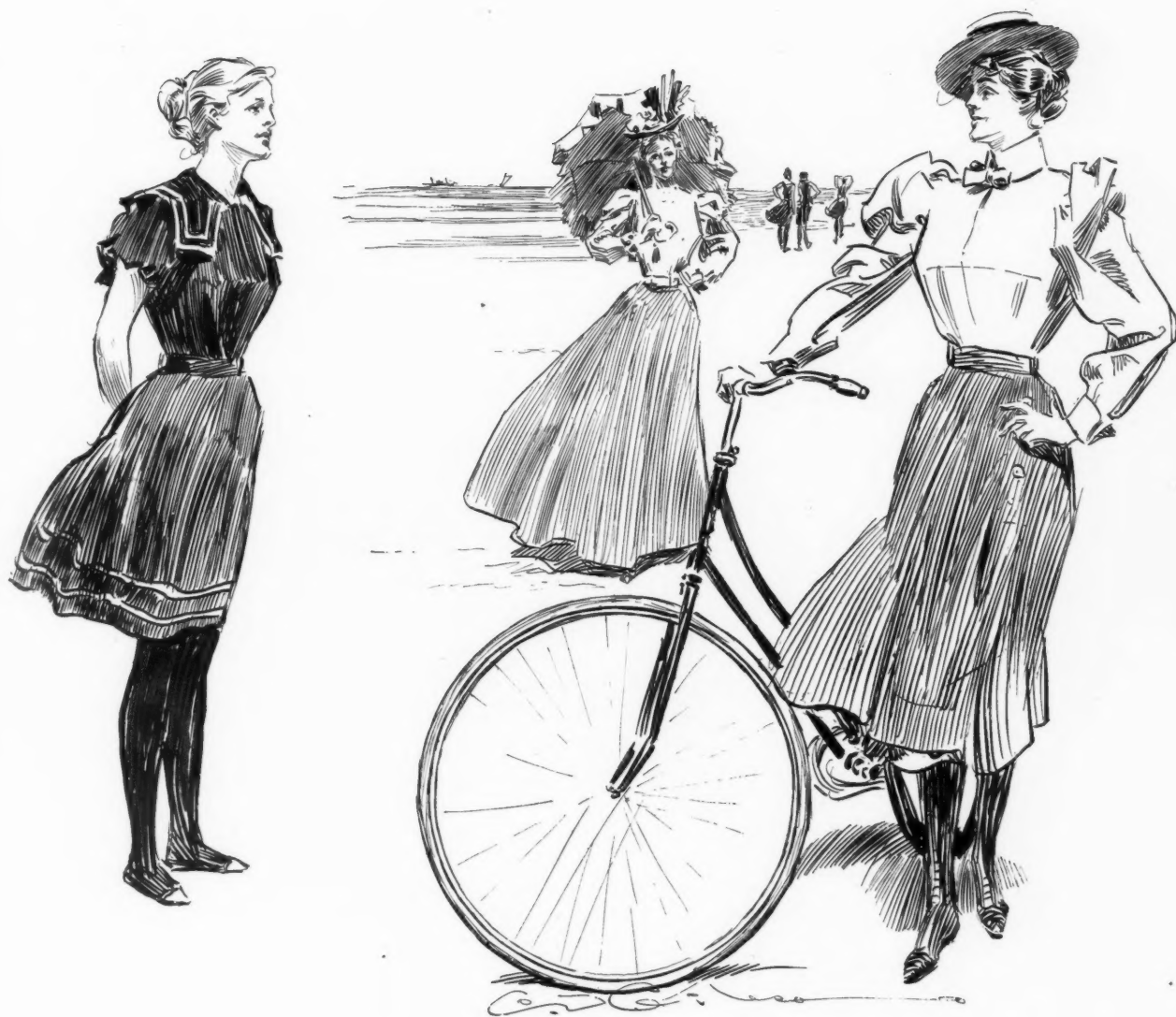
**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,**

19 and 21 West Thirty-first Street,

New York City.



# ·LIFE·



"IS IT ANY FUN GETTING A MAN TO TEACH YOU HOW TO RIDE THE WHEEL?"  
 "FUN! WHY, I'VE BEEN TAUGHT THREE TIMES."

## Ahead of Time.

**M**Y love is twenty-one to-day;  
 But, when the count is done  
 Of hearts she's captured in the fray,  
 She's more than twenty won!

**BENNY BLOOBUMPER:** Oh,  
 papa, the goat has swallowed  
 a Roman candle!

**MR. BLOOBUMPER:** That's all right.  
 He merely wanted a light lunch.

## Obedied Her.

**MISTRESS:** Bridget, did you put  
 the codfish to soak?

**BRIDGET:** Sure an' I did, marm.  
 Here is the ticket.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXX. AUGUST 19, 1897. No. 765.  
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#### A JOKE ON UNCLE SAM.



THE spectacle of Uncle Sam's battleship, *Indiana*, steaming off to Halifax to find a dry-dock large enough to hold her, is adapted to promote the hilarity of nations. Halifax is pleased, partly because the *Indiana's* errand amuses her, partly because there is a good profit in docking battleships, and partly because she is good-natured and hospitable, and likes visitors.



#### SAVE THE FORESTS.

COMMISSIONER HERMAN, of the General Land Office, who has gone to the Pacific Coast and elsewhere to look after the national forests, assured a newspaper correspondent, before he started, that "the country would soon discover that the present Administration was determined to do everything that could be done within the bounds of reason, and which was not inconsistent with the rights of individuals under the law or a safe administration of the forestry system, to protect and preserve the forests which have been reserved from public entry and sale."

That is good news, and the country will be mighty glad to discover evi-

dences of such a determination in the present Administration. When the President suspended, until next March, the order of his predecessor creating additional forest reservations of twenty-one million acres, it looked as if the loot of public forest lands was going to be continued. It certainly will be continued for another six months, but we shall be glad to hope that after that, effectual means may be taken to check it. We are assured by men wise in forestry, whose opinions we trust and whose reasons are convincing, that the preservation of our forests is of immense importance to the country. The people who will profit most by forest preservation now are the people of coming generations. But they have as yet no votes, whereas the lumber brigands, who want to seize and clear all woodlands that remain to the people, have votes and are ready to use them. It is the business of every citizen who is friendly to posterity to keep the public forests on his mind, and back by his voice and his vote every righteous effort of State or national government to preserve them.



#### FAIR PLAY ALL AROUND.

TWO of our best known fellow citizens are just now very much dissatisfied with the administration of public affairs as applied to certain details that concern themselves. Mr. Eugene V. Debs, familiarly known not long ago as "King Debs," complains with passionate vociferation because Judge Jackson of West Virginia, at the request of two coal companies, has issued an injunction prohibiting Debs and others from meddling with sundry striking miners or helping them in their fight. Mr. William Rockefeller, an oil merchant of large means, has been stirred to the use of language as nearly reprehensible as a Baptist in good standing could risk, because the assessors at Tarrytown, where he has a country place, have made an enormous addition to his tax-bill. Mr. Debs says that Judge Jackson's injunction seeks

to restrain him from actions which are lawful, and he is countenanced in this opinion by authorities which do not sympathize with his designs and are not favorably disposed towards him as an individual. Mr. Rockefeller feels that he is being pillaged and persecuted because he is a rich man, and he declares that his property at Tarrytown is not taxable at anything like the value that the assessors have put upon it.

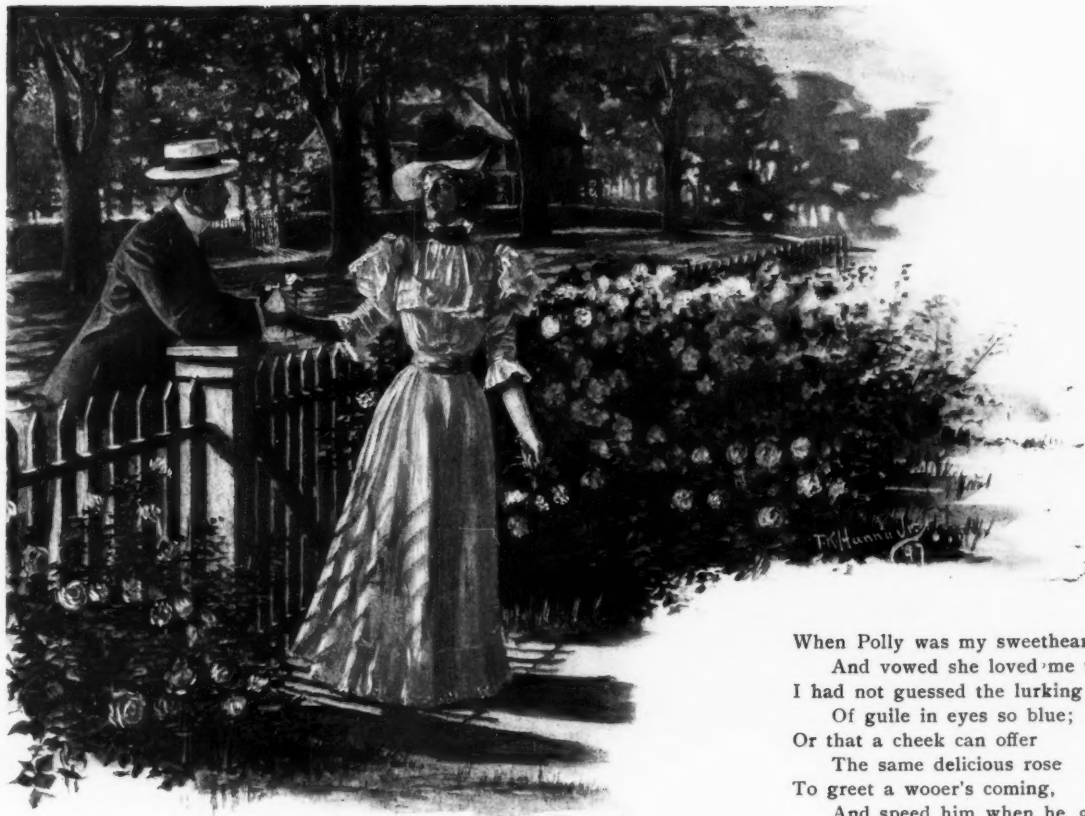
LIFE sympathizes with both of these citizens in the apparent injustice that has been done to them. If Judge Jackson's injunction won't wash, here's hoping that it may not hold, and that it may bring discredit to its author. If Mr. Rockefeller has been taxed heavier than he should have been, here's hoping that he may fight the matter out and get exact justice, and humble his assessors. He is reported to have offered his place for sale at a price much below its value. LIFE would be sorry to see him sell, unless indeed he is unwilling to pay taxes that are lawful and honestly estimated. Neither the gift of the gab, nor of accumulation, should prejudice the right of its possessor to just and equitable treatment under the law.



#### CHEAP SILVER.

THE slump in silver is especially discouraging to house-breakers and free-silverites. It seems hardly worth while any more for a burglar to carry off silver-plate which, when melted up, will bring only six dollars a pound, and buyers scarce at that. Uncle Sam could afford to coin silver pennies again now. Let's have them; they're nicer than copper, and healthier for newsboys to carry in their mouths. And as long as our silver dollars are only worth forty cents or so, and get most of their exchange value at the mint, why not make them a good deal smaller?





When Polly was my sweetheart  
And vowed she loved me true,  
I had not guessed the lurking  
Of guile in eyes so blue;  
Or that a cheek can offer  
The same delicious rose  
To greet a wooer's coming,  
And speed him when he goes.

When Polly Was My Sweetheart.

WHEN Polly was my sweetheart  
The days went dancing by  
As lightly as her laughter,  
Her mocking, or her sigh;  
She brought the sunshine with her,  
A dawn of new delight,  
And left me when we parted  
To dream of her all night.

When Polly was my sweetheart—  
Oh, idle time and blind!  
Its memories blow backward  
With every April wind  
Until, if I could suffer  
The joy and pain of yore,  
I should not mind her making  
A fool of me once more.

M. E. W.

When Polly was my sweetheart  
I knew no sordid care;  
What gold could keep its lustre  
Beside her glinting hair?  
And who was I, to envy  
The proudest of the land,  
That felt but lately on me  
The touch of her dear hand!



## Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,720 60
Omnia.....	25 00
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Ten Brooklynites.....	5 00
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E.....	5 00
Edith H. Arnold.....	3 00
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In memory of Louise.....	5 00
M. Mly Kaighin.....	5 10
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A Lover of Animals.....	20 00

\$3,166 21

## Impossible!

"GRIMPER claims to be a relative of President McKinley."  
"But he isn't holding any office!"

## BOOKSHINES

## Three Kinds of Kipling.

KIPLING has appeared within a few weeks in three absolutely distinct kinds of writing, and in each he has shown his easy preëminence—a revelation of versatility which is at the same time a marvelous exhibition of force; and the two seldom go together.

The story "Slaves of the Lamp," in *McClure's*, is really two in one. The first part is schoolboy life and mischief of the rattling, animal-spirits type that commends itself to Kipling's energetic vivacity. The "gang" are inimitable in their play and incorrigible in their deviltry—and there isn't a coward among them! The second part is a glimpse of the same gang fifteen years later, and shows what kind of soldiers in India was made out of those untamed cubs. Kipling is always chasing down "the boy as father to the man." It is a problem of perennial interest to every observer of human nature. He did it beautifully in "The Brushwood Boy" and "Captains Courageous," and the "Slaves of the Lamp" is a fine exhibition of it. The ingenious and daring *Stalky* gets himself and his comrades out of a tight place in India by a device

that parallels the famous episode with which the story opens. Kipling delights in showing always that the boy with stuff in him is not of the very proper, conventional kind. A "bad boy" with a good heart is generally the raw material for a Kipling hero.

When he turns his hand to the inner workings of a locomotive he reveals the same delight in seeing crude material brought into shape as disciplined force. In "007," his wonderful engine story in *Scribners'*, he makes the round-house fairly human with the philosophy of force in harness. He never seems to strain your imagination with the talk of his locomotives. They are behaving exactly as you expect them to behave. It is the most difficult kind of make-believe, but he creates locomotives just as real as his English schoolboys.

Then he turns his hand to a solemn hymn to close the Jubilee season, and "Recessional" soars splendidly, away above the doctrine of force to something reverently religious.

These various achievements are not the clever juggling of easy versatility; they are the carefully matured fruit of a big imagination, united with the patient skill of a literary artist.

\* \* \*  
AMONG the little books of the summer is the "Reveries of a Spin-



AT LIFE'S FARM.—GIRLS BATHING IN BROOK.



ON THE BOARD WALK.

ster" (Neely), by Helen Davies. It has a good deal of the poetic prose in it, mingled with vain regrets, which is the usual material for reveries. The evolution of an old-maid school-teacher into a brilliant musical artist is rather sudden, but satisfactory to everybody except the lady herself, who finds that Art is a poor substitute for life—which women who paint and write and sing always think they discover when they seem to have lost their last chance at matrimony.

Another favorite story, which women are fond of writing, is just the reverse of this: The woman marries her early love, who turns out to be a commonplace fellow, and she spends the rest of her life in vain regrets for the "career" that she has missed.

Well, young ladies, you can't have your cake and eat it too. The path of wisdom is to choose Art or the Man, and stick to whichever you choose. Either one of them will fall far below your ideal. But then just remember that Art and the Man may have opinions about *you* as a fulfillment of their own ideals. We are all more or less human.

*Droch.*

WE cannot think any the less of Colonel Grant for retiring from the New York Police Board, because he was nauseated by the methods in use for obtaining evidence against a certain class of law-breakers. The methods used are certainly objectionable, though it is not clear that there

are better methods which would be effectual. Such is the contemporary imperfection of human nature that there does not exist in any city on earth a system for the supervision of that class of female citizens who are euphemistically described as "unfortunate" which would satisfy New York. What New York demands is that there shall be no "unfortunate" class. It is a righteous demand, and creditable to the aspirations of the town. The pity is that there is not, and never has been, any prospect that it can be realized.

Colonel Smith, who succeeds Colonel Grant as police commissioner, comes very highly commended as a fit man for a difficult job.



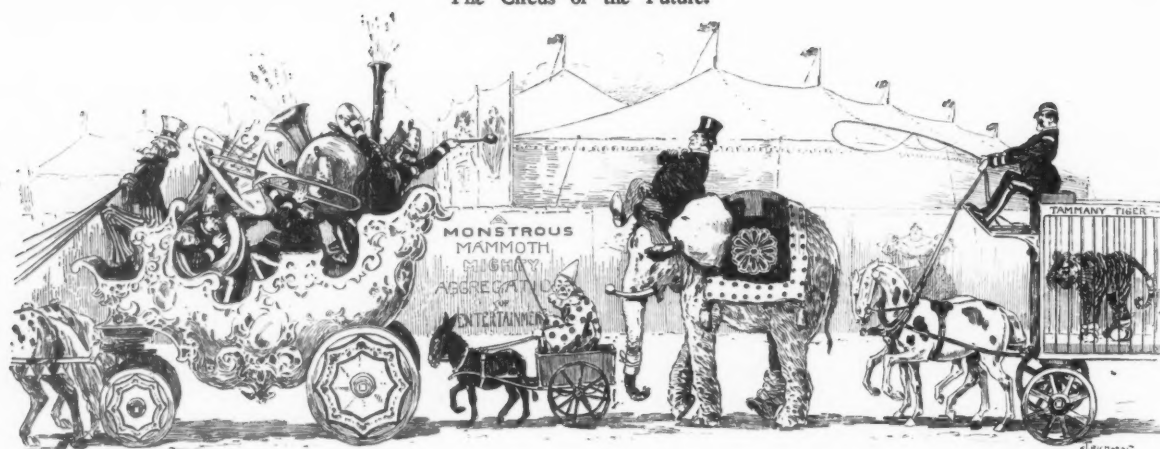
A FULL DRESS SUIT.

# La Nouvelle Noblesse.

PROF. HARRY THURSTON PECK, in the August *Bookman*, shows a want of respect for our Nouvelle Noblesse that is reprehensible. What we need in America is a bastille in which to clap all scoffers of this class. These offensive remarks occur in an article on Mr. Richard Harding Davis:

Mr. Davis is writing for the American aristocracy of the immediate future and for the persons who are anxious for its final recognition. . . . Everybody knows of them. Everybody knows that at present they are rather in the air, and have not gone much further in the attainment of distinction than the possession of money and an illimitable desire for recognition at the hands of the world at large. They have drawn their inspiration from England; and continual travel back and forth upon the Cunard steamers has taught them things; so that in externals they are able to produce a very fair imitation of their chosen model. They can regularly enjoy their morning tub. They can breakfast on muffins and orange marmalade. . . . They can import English grooms and the proper brand of Egyptian cigarettes. They can discover the exact altitude at which it is proper to shake hands. They can give hunting breakfasts and sport the pink. They can build country-houses here and there, and have people down whom they entertain with a certain amount of uneasy self-consciousness. They can do a great many other similar things, and when they are alone together they can almost believe that the whole pretense is real. But unfortunately, a remnant of American humor still lingers in their minds, and they are dreadfully troubled by the latent fear that no one else is taking them quite seriously, that they are not impressive, that, in fact, they may just possibly be the least bit absurd. . . . It has been the miraculous good fortune of Mr. Richard Harding Davis to reassure them on this point and to make them feel comparatively easy in their minds. Mr. Davis is their discoverer in literature, and he has held his mirror up to them in a way that is not only a supreme achievement of the journalistic spirit, but is so absolutely clever as to merit an even greater popularity than he has yet enjoyed.

The Circus of the Future.



WAIT FOR US!!

## THE BURNEM AND FORELEG COMBINED SHOWS.

TEN RINGS GOING AT THE SAME TIME.

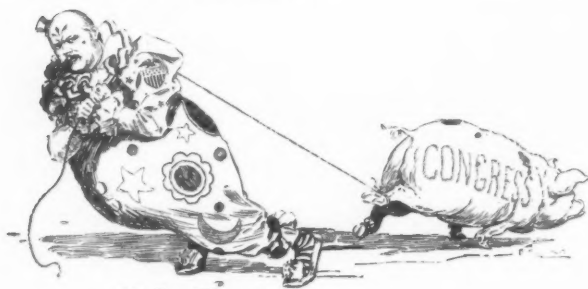
SHOWS FOR PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

EVERYBODY PLEASED.

### SPECIALTIES.

#### I.—TOM REED'S AGGREGATION OF STATESMEN.

Mr. Speaker Reed will put Congress through its paces for a period of seven consecutive weeks. To be seen with this show only.

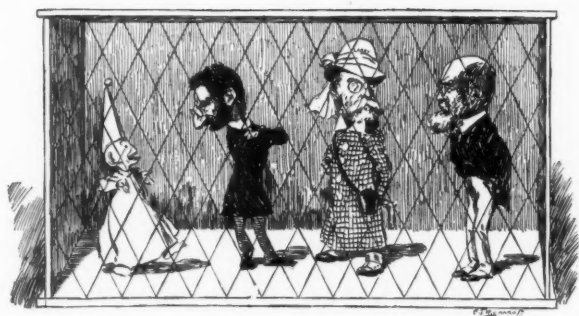


#### II.—CONGRESS OF SCOTCH AUTHORS.

By special arrangement with their American agents, Donald MacSlushy, Ian MacBarrie, J. M. Crockett and Rev. John Swattem of Drumtochty will perform in Highland costume nightly, assisted by Willie MacHoots, the Scottish clown, whose dialect is inimitable.



WILLIE MACHOOTS.



### III.—THE HAPPY FAMILY.

In one cage: Joseph Bullytyn, Larrykin Godby, Charles A. Damyer, and Willie, the Yellow Kid of Park Row. Do not fear them. They snarl but never bite, and the cage is strong.

### IV.—LITERARY HANDICAP.

Every night and at Saturday matinees. Between Richard Harding Davis, Rudyard Kipling and Stephen Crane.

Mr. Kipling, scratch; Mr. Davis, ten paragraphs start; Mr. Crane, twelve paragraphs start. After which, Mr. F. Marion Crawford will write an exhibition novel of sixty chapters in seventeen minutes.



### V.—THE SOCIAL ZOO.

The finest aggregation of social lions yet seen. Seventeen genuine Biddles, ten Astors, fourteen Dyers, one Vanderbilt, three Bradley-Martins, in costume, and many others.

### VI.—THE MORAL WAXWORKS.

Showing Mayor Strong drinking tea; Seth Low declining a nomination; Governor Black posing as a reformer; Senator Platt and Richard Croker shaking hands; Henry Cabot Lodge thinking.

### VII.—THE STRONG MAN.

Never another like him. Senator Morgan will deliver his famous after-dinner speech, without the use of stimulants, three times daily. Wonderful feat of endurance.

### VIII.—The greatest curiosity of the age. Captured with great difficulty in the Back Bay of Boston:

#### THE EDUCATED REPORTER.

Can write English and tell the truth. Every night at eight.

### IX.—THE ONLY LIVING STUFFED BRYAN.

Needs no comment. Speaks for itself. The Keeleymotor of eloquence. Can be heard eight blocks away. Speaks on the following subjects:

Me; Pewter; Yale College; How I missed it; Thoughts I don't think; The autobiography of a chameleon.

Please notice that this attraction delivers all these lectures simultaneously and with only one mouth!

ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS. CHILDREN, HALF-PRICE.

**WAIT!**

One More.

"WHEN I was a young man," continued the old author, reminiscently, "I concentrated my endeavors upon my work, and strove to secure the enthusiastic plaudits of the mighty army of my human brethren. It was my earnest hope and fondest expectation that I should some day achieve a literary success alongside of which every other writer—past, present, and yet to come—would be left hopelessly in the rear. In other words, I aspired to reach the very topmost pinnacle of the dizzy heights of Fame."

"And now?" questioned a young disciple of the pen.

"And now," repeated the old author, as he carefully extracted a nickle and three copper pennies from the deep recesses of his inner vest pocket, "and now, I merely aim to keep posted upon the place where you can get the most coffer, and sandwiches for the least money."

And as he passed the cashier's desk he laid in a supply of wooden toothpicks that absolutely dazzled the eyes of the beholders.





## Against Professional Ethics.

"BY the way, doctor," said the enterprising reporter, after he had secured from the eminent physician a full account of a successful and skillful operation which the latter had performed, "I believe it is not considered professional for physicians and surgeons to advertise in the newspapers."

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the practitioner.

"Such a method of obtaining publicity is an egregious violation of the ethics of the medical profession. A reputable physician cannot advertise. He would immediately lose caste if he did. Only quacks advertise."

"That was my impression," replied the newspaper man, who thereupon went away and wrote an interesting account of the operation from the facts which the eminent surgeon had detailed to him. He told



"THE GOOD-BY AT THE DOOR."

Son (about departing for America): GOOD-BY, MOTHER DARLINT. YEZ'LL NOT HEAR FROM ME TILL I'M AN ALDERMAN!



PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

IF YOU HAVE MADE CERTAIN PLANS FOR THE DAY, RESOLUTELY CARRY THEM OUT. DO NOT BE DETERRED BY ACCIDENTS.

HOW A CERTAIN LANDLADY EXPRESSES



SATISFACTION



DOUBT



APPRECIATION



COMMISERATION



EXCITEMENT



AND SUSPICION.

how the patient had been in a railway accident, and was taken out of the wreck with forty-six compound fractures, besides innumerable bruises of a less important character. He told how a new rubber heart had been made and fitted into the place of the natural organ, which had been lost in the excitement, and how the artificial heart was doing all the work which could reasonably be expected of any sort of heart. He explained the ingen-

ious mechanism which supplied artificial respiration while the patient's lungs were in the repair shop, and very properly alluded to the job, as a whole, as the most remarkable series of surgical operations in the whole history of the art of medicine and surgery, and concluded his succinct and valuable account with this paragraph:

"It would give us the greatest pleasure to mention the name of the eminent physician who has wrought such a mar-

velous reconstruction of a human being whose condition seemed beyond hope, and who would have been really beyond hope in the hands of anyone else, but the stern mandate of professional ethics holds the writer's hand. Newspaper publicity is extremely offensive to the medical profession, for its members are not allowed to advertise, under severe penalties. It is with deep regret, therefore, that the skillful surgeon's name is omitted, and that he is thus deprived of



A FACER.

*Benevolent Old Lady:* WHAT'S THE MATTER, LITTLE BOY? CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?  
*Urchin:* YES, MISSUS. PLEASE GIVE US A BOOST.

the honor to which he is entitled, but we bow to the well-settled principle of the ethics of the profession."

It is understood that when the medical gentleman read this, he remarked that he would like an opportunity to treat the reporter as the railway wreck had treated his patient.

*William Henry Siviter.*

#### Apparently Safe.

SHE was tall, she was thin, she was angular, she was homely, she was dressed in execrable taste, and she was as unattractive a female as anyone ever laid eyes upon; but she was timid. She came into the car and examined us furtively with her weak and watery eyes; then she sidled up to the seat half-occupied by the quiet man.

"Are you married?" she asked him, earnestly.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, wondering if she were crazy.

"Do you love your wife?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, blushing, and convinced that he must humor her.

"You'd die before you'd hurt her feelings?"

"Yes, ma'am," meekly.

"Do you belong to the Y. M. C. A.?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you believe in a hell?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you go to church regularly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Would you disgrace her?"

"Ye—I mean, no, ma'am."

"Have you sisters?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Would you bring the blush of shame to their cheeks?"

"No, ma'am."

"And what is your business? Are you a drummer?"

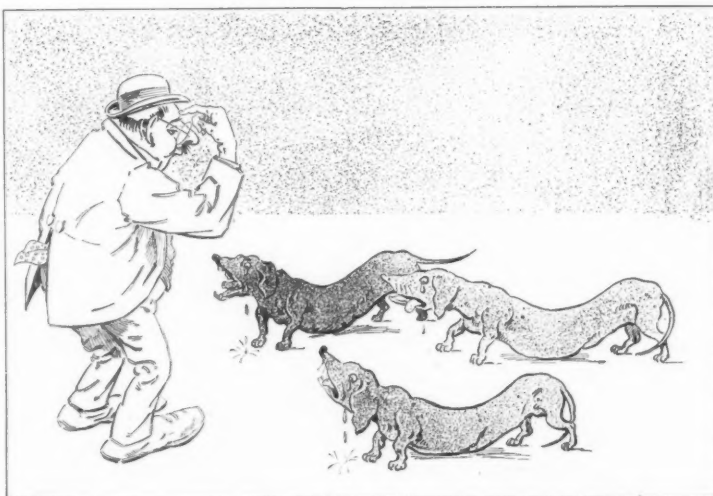
"No, ma'am. I'm a minister of the Gospel."

"Would you be torn apart by wild horses before you would do anything to disgrace the cloth?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well," she said, with a sigh of relief, "I guess I dare sit beside you to the next station."

*Alex. Ricketts.*



HERR PUMPERNICKEL'S DACHSHUNDS GREW SO LONG IN THE BODY THAT THEY SAGGED IN THE MIDDLE AND TOUCHED THE GROUND. HERR PUMPERNICKEL SET



## SOME PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

MY DEAR MAJOR: I observe with great interest that you are said to be one of the most popular Presidents the White House has held for some time, and that you have the faculty of pleasing all those brought into contact with you. This is, of course, a delightful trait, and in itself can only be the subject of congratulation. The trouble is that your charming manners can only be shared by the comparatively few who see you. There are others, more numerous, who view you at a distance, and who are not so hypnotized by your personality as to be deceived into too much praise. I refer to the People of the United States. It is true, no doubt, that this captious crowd is difficult to please; and yet they seem to have a crude intelligence which has stood them in good stead in the past, and while they occasionally make errors, due to misleading reports they see in the newspapers, in the main they are likely to be right. It is not too much to say that while from some quarters can be heard the faint sounds of praise, the main body of your audience is silent. They brought you on the scene not only in order to avert a worse tragedy which

they saw in prospect, but also in the hope that you would please them mightily. They have been anxious to applaud and vindicate their own choice, and therefore their present silence is all the more indicative of keen disappointment. Of course I realize that your present position has not been a pleasant one, and it must be said that, in the same position, more men have failed than have succeeded. You have not been able to stand up against the pressure of those immediately surrounding you, for the sake of the others beyond. You have truckled—pardon the word, but it exactly conveys my meaning—to the ubiquitous office-seeker, to the relative and to the spoilsman, and in doing so you have lost in a great measure the respect of the intelligent many who have elected you.

Above all things, the American people admire a man who can say No. They will forgive his other mistakes if they find him capable of using this little word at the right time. They are beginning to fear that you are incapable in this respect, and their fears do not seem to be altogether groundless. Mr. Cleveland made mistakes, but when he abolished the consular fees, which you have just reinstated, this was not one of them. When he awoke the bitter resentment of the *New York Sun*, whose pæans of praise for you contain up



A DESERT SPOON.

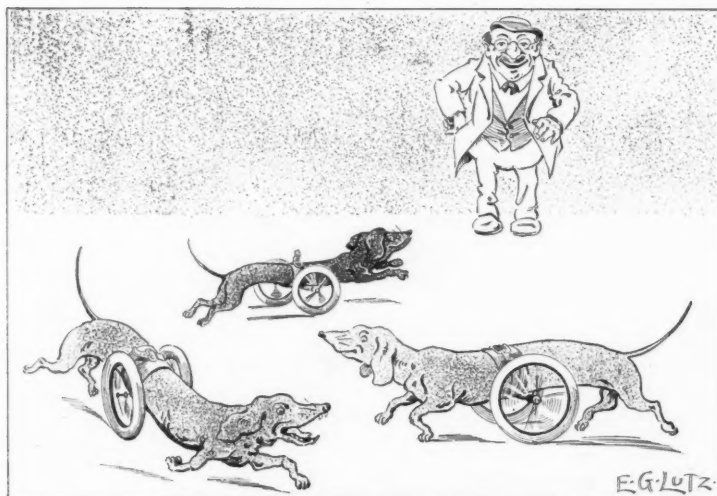
to the present time no note of discord, this was not one of them. When he refused to be coerced by Congress and by the hungry horde of demandants, who are even now reviling him, preferring to be guided by the promptings of his own backbone—was this a mistake?

Possibly so. But now, thanks to you, my dear Major, we are enabled to view the other extreme and to judge for ourselves.

Yours, more in sorrow than in anger, LIFE.

CAN'T always sometimes most generally tell

What a man is by his clothes,  
But you form an estimate toler'bly well  
By the blossom on his nose.



HIMSELF TO THINKING, WITH THIS RESULT.



### A Poster Tragedy.

A purple moment of bright blue bliss  
Was mine, oh, green-haired maid,  
When from your lips a yellow kiss  
I sipped in the dark-red shade.  
The ecru moon hung on a tree;  
We sat by a vertical brook;  
You were a-laughing in olive-pink glee,  
And reading the edge of a book.  
And I was singing a lavender song,  
Speckled and mingled with blue;  
But I stopped for a moment, perhaps not too long,  
And kissed you; I took perhaps two.  
By the red hills topped with golden snow,  
By the trees tearing holes in the sky,  
I swore the red world I would overthrow  
For your love, or lie down and die.  
But away from my vowing I was rudely snatched  
And thrust far, far from you;  
The color I wore with the landscape matched,  
And that would, alas! never do.  
And now among the blue lilies afloat,  
On a sea of brown and red,  
I sit on the edge of an olive-green boat  
And hold my pea-green head.

—London Figaro.

THE boom of prosperity has struck one Kansas editor, at least. He says: "Our road tax this year was \$1.00, and as we couldn't pay it we have been sentenced to work on the road for fifteen days. There will be no issue of this paper for the next two weeks. But the county will have to board us, so we expect to come out about \$6.00 ahead."—Chicago Times-Herald.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN FROM COLLEGE.—"I am much rejoiced, dearest uncle, that you are coming to visit me next Monday. I will be at the station to meet the train. As we haven't seen each other for a long time, that I may easily recognize you, hold a £10 note in your right hand."

—Tit-Bits.

"FARE, please," said the conductor to the young woman who sat in the car, a picture of woe.

"I can't pay you this trip," answered the young woman, faintly.

"Why can't you, ma'am?" in a suspicious tone.

"I—I have lost my car fare."

"Did you have it when you boarded this car?"

"Yes, but I haven't it now. You can take my address or give me yours, and I'll send it to you."

"I can't do that," said the man; "it's against the rules. If you lost your fare in this car there is no reason why you should not find it again. I'll help you to look for it."

"No, no," said the woman, in a state of alarm. "I tell you that it is lost, and you will have to trust me to send it to you."

"Very strange!" said the conductor, suspiciously. "If you lost it on this car I can't see any reason why you can't find it again. How did you lose it?"

"I—I swallowed it!" shrieked the young woman, driven to desperation, and the conductor went out on the rear end of the car and cuffed a small boy's ears.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

HE: I am looking forward to the time when I shall make you one of the happiest of women.

SHE: You are very kind, sir; but I do not think my father would allow me to accept a bicycle from you.

—Yonkers Statesman.

The Rochester, Post-Express tells a story of an old colored coachman who, as a slave, had attended his master's church, the Episcopal, for thirty years. After the war the master gave up his carriage, and the coachman shifted for himself. Taking advantage of his freedom, he began visiting various churches, and finally made a new connection. Meeting his old master one day, he admitted, with some embarrassment, that he had "done changed" and "joined de Mefodis." He said he "liked 'em bettah," and when pinned down told why: "Well, I'll tell you, marster; you know when you goes to a Mefodis' church, jes' as soon as you gets inside dey settle right down to business, a preaching of de Gorspul, whilst in de 'Piskerpul church it takes 'em too long to read de perceedin's o' de las' meetin'!"

"I LIKE a good drink of hot water in the morning, but we can't get it at our boarding-house."

"I used to have the same difficulty in our boarding-house, but now I take coffee. It answers every purpose."—Boston Transcript.

AT a recent birthday party in Shepherd's Bush a young lady began a song, "The autumn days have come, ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. "Ten thou—ousand—" she screamed, and then stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried an auctioneer who was present.—London Tit-Bits.

IF Bryan were President now he would probably call Congress in special session to make a law forbidding Americans to go to Alaska and mine more gold.

—Buffalo Express.

"PERHAPS he isn't all he might be, but he stood by me in my hour of trial, and—"

"What was he, an officer of the court?"

—Chicago Journal.

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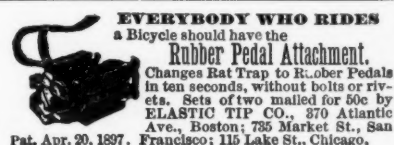


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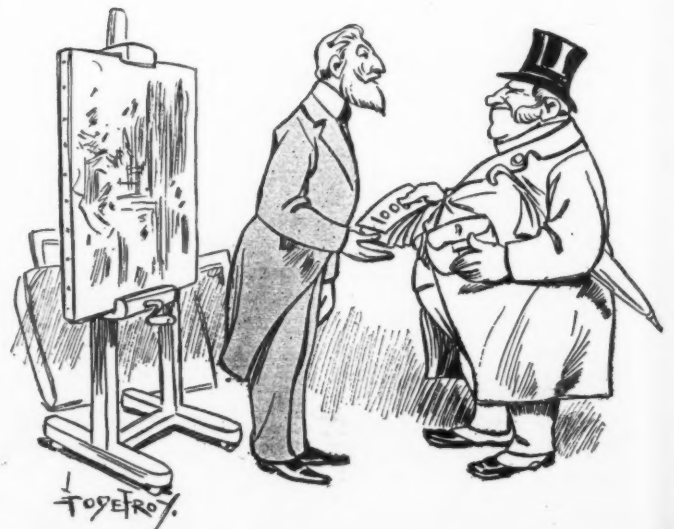
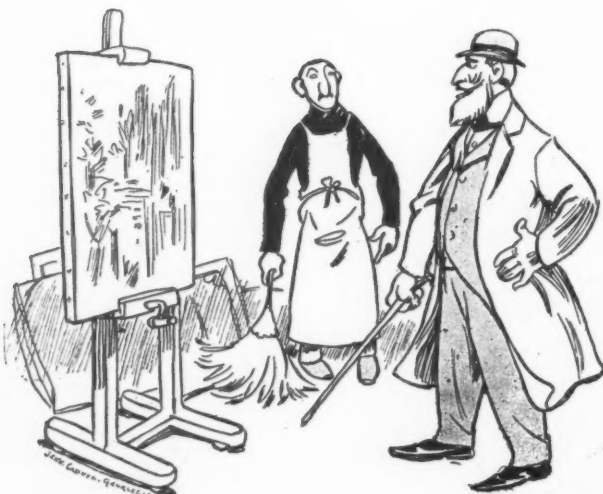
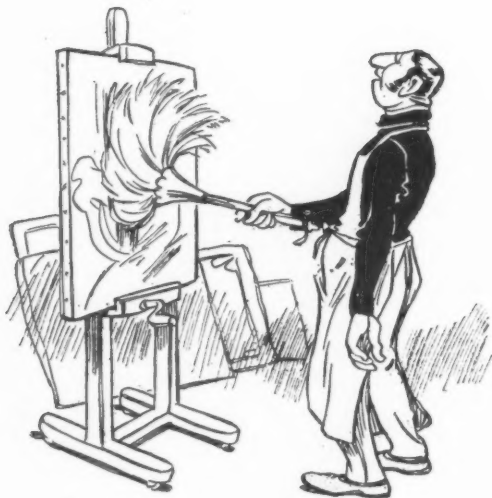
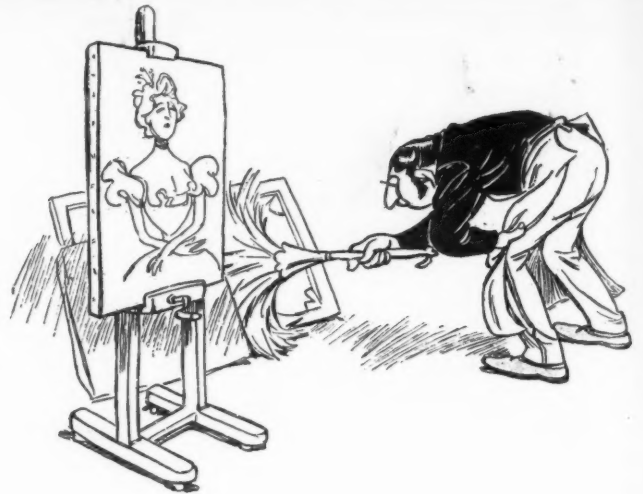


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OLD JOB was taught to read by the minister's wife, and proved a very apt scholar. Returning home after a prolonged absence, the lady met her old pupil, and asked him how he was getting on. "I suppose you can read your Bible now comfortably, Job?" "Lor! bless you, ma'am!" cried Job, "I've been out of the Bible and into the newspaper this long while."

—Household Words.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, when Governor-General of Canada, was present at some sports held on the ice of the St. Lawrence. Though wrapped in furs he felt the cold acutely, and was astonished to see an ancient Indian meandering around barefooted, enveloped only in a blanket. He asked the savage how he managed to bear such a temperature when he had so little on. "Why you no cover face?" inquired the Indian. The Marquis replied that no one ever did so, and that he was accustomed to have his face naked from birth. "Good," rejoined the Prairie King, "me all face," and walked away.—Wave.

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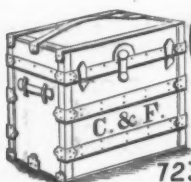
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